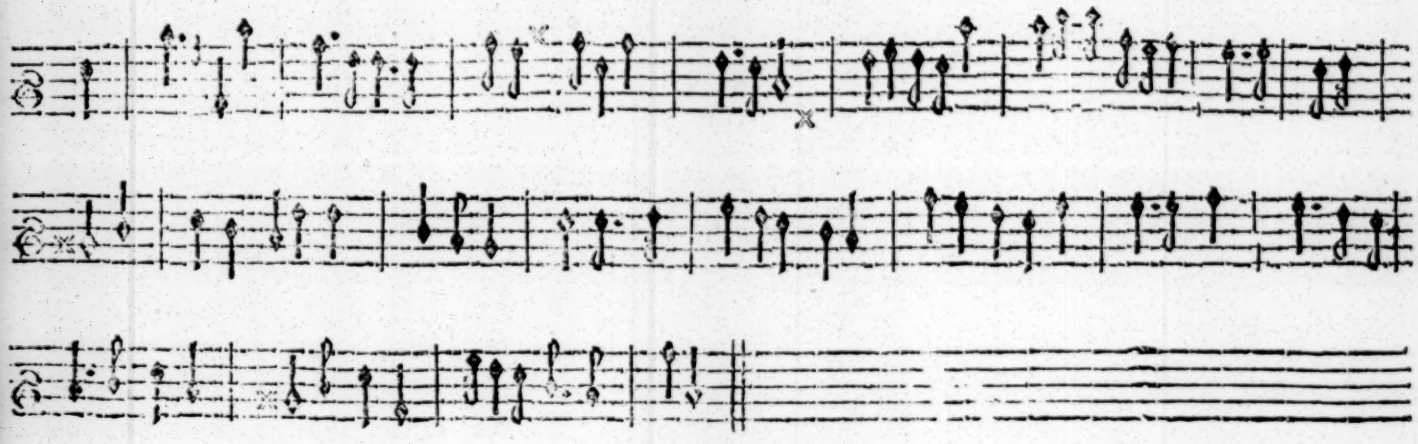
Teague and Sawney: 161

OR,

The Unfortunate Succeſs of a Dear-Joys Devotion by St. PATRICK's *Croſs.*

BEING

Transform'd into the Deel's Whirregig.



To the Tune of *Lili bulero*, &c.

1.

YOU that love Mirth, give ear to my Song,
a Subject you never can better imploy:
Sawney and *Teague* were marching along,
a bonny *Scotch* Loon, and an *Iriſh* Dear-Joy.
They had never ſeen a Windmill,
nor had they heard of any ſuch name;
As they were walking and merrily talking,
at laſt by good chance to a Windmil they came.

2.

Sweards, ſays *Sawney*, what d' y' call thot?
to tell its geud Name I am at a loſs:
Teague very readily anſwer'd the *Scot*,
be Chreeſt I believe it's St. *Patrick's* Croſs.
Sir, ſaid *Sawney*, y' are miſtaken,
for it's St. *Andrew's* Croſs, I will ſwear,
There is his Bonnet and Garment hangs on it,
the muckle geud St. dis in *Edingbrough* wear.

3.

Nay, by my ſhoul, thou tell'ſt all lees,
for dat I will ſwear is St. *Patrick's* Coat;
I ſee him in *Ireland* a buying the Frieze,
and dat is the ſame St. *Patrick* bought.
He's a better Saint than ever
hungry *Scotland* e'er did breed,
By [illegible]waiſhion he was my Relauſhion,
[illegible] great kindneſs for honeſt poor *Teague*.

4.

Therefore, ſays *Teague*, I will be my ſhoul,
now lay down my Arms and pluck out my
Under this geud Holy Croſs will I faul (Beads,
and ſay *Pater Noſter* and ſome of our Creeds.
Teague began with great Devotion
for to adore St. *Patrick's* Croſs;
The Wind ſet a blowing and turn'd the Sails
& gave my Dear-Joya damnable toſs. (going,

5.

Sawny laught to ſee how poor *Teague*
lay ſcratching his Ears on top of the Graſs,
Swearing by Chreeſt 't was the Deel's Whirligig,
and none he was ſure, of St. *Patrick's* Croſs
Teague cry'd out in a mighty Paſſion,
Eh, by my ſhoul I'm very much ſore!
By my ſhalwaſhion, this ſhall be a caution,
to truſt to St. *Patrick's* kindneſs no more.

6.

Sawny to *Teague* then ſcoffingly cry'd,
St. *Patrick* was but a ſorry ſad Loon,
To hit you ſuch a ſore bang on the hide,
for kneeling before him, and asking a Boon:
Prithee *Teague*, ſerve geud St. *Andrew*,
he, by my ſhoul, was a muckle geud Man;
Since your St. *Patrick* has ſerv'd you ſuch a trick
I'd ſee the Dee'l take him, e'er truſt him again.

Printed for *C. G.*